

abound. Its circumference is more than four miles. The country round is wonderfully fertile, wanting only the hands of freemen to resume the flourishing state of which it is so capable. I can speak only in this cursory way of this famous city, and only judge its inhabitants by coupling them with those of Larnaca, whose praise I sang but lately. For I did not see Nicosia. At the moment I touched in my journey at Scala the island was convulsed by an insurrection, and the capital besieged by the Imperial Legate Ahmed Pasha. Its Christian inhabitants suffered sorely, together with their venerable Archbishop, at the hands of the rebels within, who committed with impunity all kinds of horrible excesses. But those whom we saw, and with whom we enjoyed familiar intercourse, themselves supplied the testimony of many witnesses, and I acknowledge their merits, just as one finger gives the proportions of a statue, or as one judges of a rich garment by the hem.

Among the remaining towns of the interior the chief are, first Kythrea or Kythereia, still adorned with pleasant orchards, and watered by many a pure stream; while human industry has used to the best advantage the bounty of nature.

Tamasia, an ancient and once famous city: Trimethous, to which its godly and wonder-working bishop Spiridon has given renown—the saint who with the simplicity of God-inspired wisdom overthrew the philosopher priding himself on the tortuous dexterity of his fatuous learning. He lies in Corfu, as though he were alive, his flesh being still fresh and soft after 1380 years, a wonder to those who touch and adore.

Morphoi with an ancient church dedicated to S. Mamas, a shrine rich in miraculous cures, worked daily by the saint upon faithful pilgrims.

Levkara, where is a fragment of the Cross, which exhales a strange yet unspeakably pleasant odour, and works many miracles for its devout worshippers.

Onodos, a small village, but well known for its Monastery of the Holy Cross, in which is preserved a fragment of the precious rope with which ungrateful men bound Christ, here called the *Típus Kárabos*.

The most celebrated monastery in the island is that of Kykko, so well known for its wonder-working portrait of the Mother of God, the work, it is said, of S. Luke. The face is covered, and not to be seen of men. We say no more, nor of all known miracles is there one we could compare with this unspeakable mystery. Let so much suffice concerning things that pass our understanding, that to an island so close as this is to Jerusalem, in which city were wrought all the mysteries of our salvation, many precious relics of the Passion, and the like sacred treasure, were brought over by the Apostles and their disciples, and other righteous men in the first age of the Church, and given to the Cypriots, whose church was founded so soon after that of the Holy City. I may quote as examples the piece of the Cross still preserved at Levkara, the precious rope, the Hebrew original of the Gospel of S. Matthew, to which the Orthodox Church of Cyprus owes its autonomy. The remains of the Apostle Barnabas, and the righteous Lazarus, with other remarkable relics were formerly treasured in the island. Some of them were carried off to Constantinople by the Greek Emperors, others the Latin rulers of Cyprus got into their hands, and transferred them to their own temples.

We need not dwell on the poisonous serpents, the tarantulas and other venomous insects. It is enough to say that the greatest curse of Cyprus is the barbarous and ungovernable temper of the islanders, ever ready for rebellion, and to arm themselves, not in any noble cause, but for the ruin and destruction of their unhappy country.

These then are our ideas about Cyprus, which follow as a proper pendant to our personal observations—ideas which I do not expect to have weight, except with philosophers. But